Irene Triumphans.

Carmen Gratulatorium

A

MUSA BRITANNICA

IN

Pacem Sancitam,

PACIFICIS

Humillimè Dicatum.

LONDINI, ANNO 1713.

Irene Triumphans.

THE ADDRESS OF THE BRITISH MUSE TO THE PEACE-MAKERS. A N HEROICK POEM.

By *E. Settle.*

——— *Ferrea primùm*
Desinet, & toto surget Gens Aurea Mundo. Virg.

London, Printed for the Author. 1713.

TO THE

PATRIOTS

OF

GREAT-BRITAIN.

THro' Her MAJESTIES late happy Choice of her MINISTRY for Her Domeſtick COUNCIL, and her *Peoples* no leſs happy Choice of their late REPRESENTATIVES for her Great NATIONAL COUNCIL; from the bleſt Harmony of ſuch an Adminiſtration from the THRONE on One Side, and the Returns of ſuch Duty, Zeal and Fidelity on the Other; the peculiar Smiles of Providence on ſo Darling a VICEGERENT of HEAV'N, ſeem to have commenced a new ÆRA of Safety, Honour and Tranquility, both to Her ſelf and her Kingdoms.

'Tis by ſuch *Miniſtring Hands* ſhe has been enabled to fix both the CHURCH and STATE on that Baſis, the very CONSTITUTION it ſelf ſo ſecured, as not the Gates of Hell ſhall prevail againſt them. 'Tis by ſuch *Councils* She has been encouraged to finiſh a long Bloody and Expenſive War, by attaining to the great ends of War, *viz.* The true *Ballance* of EUROPE, and the eternal *Diſunion* of the Crowns of *FRANCE* and *SPAIN*.

How have theſe truly Loyal COUNSELLORS concurred in all the Meaſures towards, and the loudeſt Acclamations of ſo great a Labour, now ſo happily and ſo glorioufly accompliſht! Such were the MERITS that ſtamp'd the ROYAL MEDAL, as the gracious Return of an uncommon Gratitude from an endebted CROWN; MERITS ſo attracting, that the SOVEREIGN Her ſelf, condeſcending even to Chronicle the *Subjects* GLORY, cou'd not forbear to play the very *Panegyriſt* in ſo darling a Cauſe, in enumerating at her late Farewel to ſuch a SENATE,

BRITISH MUSEUM

SENATE, from her own Mouth, ſo many more then ordinary Publick SERVICES, the peculiar Work alone of ſuch a Band of PATRIOTS; thoſe SERVICES which, when the Britiſh Eyes ſhall be more and more open'd, and their Reaſon fully Enlighten'd, ſhall ſtand at ſo fair and univerſal a View, till the *Popular*, no doubt, ſhall copy the *Royal Acknowledgments*, and all Tongues joyn in recording ſuch Memorable CHAMPIONS both of their QUEEN and their COUNTRY.

The higheſt Bleſſing that Heav'n has yet remaining unbeſtow'd upon us, is the Continuation of the ſame Reigning *Genius* to inſpire the whole Britiſh SUCCESSION of WORTHIES; inſomuch that 'tis, or ought to be, the Prayer of every true Lover of his Country that at this new *Senatory Call* either the ſame PILOT Hands may return to their Charge, or elſe like the departing *ELIJAH* drop the *Spirited Mantle* behind them.

And now as a ſhort Reprimand to ſome unhappy Malecontents ſtill Murmuring againſt the Concluſion of ſo Honourable a PEACE, let me deſire them only to look back to the prodigious Goodneſs of the *Proteſtant BRITANNIA*, through the whole Courſe of the late War, ſo generouſly commenced on her ſide, and ſo chargeably continued; and all for a FAMILY, who, whilſt they came meer Mendicants to the *Britiſh Charity* for no leſs then the Conqueſt of *SPAIN* for them, the Recovery of their Challenge of Right, and Pretenſion of Juſtice, to that *Monarchy*, and all this without the furniſhing of ſcarce one ſingle Hand, or at leaſt to any Expence of their own in ſo Important a Cauſe; cou'd nevertheleſs find both a *Purſe* and a *Sword* for ſo many Years War, and at the charge of little leſs then Forty Thouſand Men, all Arm'd within their own Hungarian Bowels, and all for vindicating the Rapines of their own darling *Jeſuit* Banditti in the Robbery of their own Subjects juſt Rights at Home. And yet who ſo loud as this very FAMILY (nay and we have too many Britiſh Throats all open'd in the ſame Cry) in a moſt hideous Complaint! And all becauſe the indulgent *BRITANNIA* would not overact the *Pelican*, in continuing to exhauſt the laſt drop of her own Blood, in the ſupport of this *Auſtrian Nurſery*, ſo long and ſo profuſely Succour'd and Cheriſht under her Wing.

Irene Triumphans.

CUM primùm immenſi DEUS *Unus, Trina Poteſtas,*
Cui Chorus Angelicus cantuque genuque miniſtrat,
Conditor Omnipotens, poſuit fundamina Mundi;
Invenitque ſuæ coleret quas Mentis Imago
Primus Homo, *ſublime opus, & novus incola, Sedes:*
Sepoſuit Chaos & diſcordia ſemina rerum,
Pugnantûmque minas, rabidaſque coercuit iras.
Inde Elementa locum proprium ſortita quiêrunt,
Bellorum ignara, atque antiqui oblita furoris.
Inde hilaris, Natura, tibi fuit undique vultus,
Harmonia atque Deo digna, & pulcherrimus Ordo:
Inde recens nato illuxit PAX *aurea Cœlo.*
IRENE *ergo veni, læto gratiſſima Mundo,*
Carmina des, reſonentque tuas tua carmina Laudes.
Per te chara Dei Soboles deſcendit ab Aſtris,
Et fragili terras inviſit Carnis amictû;
Poſſet ut infernum Styga conturbare, Tyrannum
Obterere, & noſtros tandem finire Dolores,
Dum cupit æternam nobis ſtabilire Quietem,
Et Pacem *Populo,* Pacis Deus *ipſe, futuro.*

Quare agite, oh Juvenes, quibus eſt bona copia fandi,
Quos ferit æthereo Deus impetuoſior æſtro,
Dicite nunc ſacræ redeuntia ſæcula Pacis,
Materiam calami, magnæque alimenta Camænæ.
Otia Muſa *rogat: Genuit ſub vertice Pindi*
Jupiter *Aoniam tranquilla per otia* Muſam.
Caſtalidum placidos latices molleſque receſſus
Tempeſtas non ulla premit; non Auſter acerbo
Murmure *Pierii turbat modulamina Cantûs:*
Phœbus *& ipſe Pater Nymphas ſi fortè novenas*
Viſere dignetur, non torridus igne tremendo
Fulget, at innocuum lambit ſacra tempora Lumen.
Quid licèt inflatus torrenti Numine Vates
Grande aliquid molitur opus, Bella horrida; diram

Barbariem

Irene Triumphans.

WHen the Great THREE, the higheſt Heav'ns dread LORD
By more than Angel Knees to be ador'd,
That Architect Divine his World began,
A Manſion for his own new Image, MAN,
The whole expanded Univerſe beneath,
His Six Days Work the Labour of a Breath;
As the Almighty Founder pleas'd, by thoſe
Gradations this Prodigious Structure roſe;
Then not till then the beauteous Fabrick ſmil'd
When *Chaos* and *Confuſion* reconcil'd,
His Sun and Stars to their vaſt Circle bound,
Order and *Harmony* He tun'd all round;
Bid all the Jars of Diſcord Elements ceaſe:
His whole Creation Works conſummate Glory, PEACE.
PEACE then be thou my Song, a Name ſo high
Renown'd, that the Incarnate DEITY
Sent down below Humanity t' aſſume;
That Darling Attribute his brighteſt Plume,
He bid black *Sin's* more dreadful *Chaos* ceaſe,
Graced with the Title of the GOD of PEACE.

As PEACE does t' all theſe Dazling Heights aſpire;
What Theme like this to rowze the *Muſes* Choir?
The *Muſe* ev'n born the Child of PEACE, her Layes
In this dear Cauſe all Genuine Tranſports raiſe.
No Tempeſt ruffles their Caſtalian Spring:
All Peaceful are the Bow'rs in which they ſing.
Their very *God* when he deſcends to joyn
His own beſt Muſick with his Darling *Nine*,
Not ev'n one ſcorching Beam his Brow arrays;
All lambent Fire around his Temples plays.
What tho' ſome harſher Theme's the *Muſes* Choice;
(Numbers find every where a tuneful Voice)
Does th' inſpir'd *Bard* prepare ſome dreadful Song,
His Lyre to Deſolation only ſtrung?

Barbariem gladii, monumenta rubentia cladis
Depingit, crebro dùm ſtillat carmine Sanguis.
Seu quos Ætna *vomit, ſeu quos* Veſuvius *ignes,*
Concinit, & verſû flammas ad Sidera tollit,
Cùm Mons ſulphureis fornacibus ardet uterque,
Alter Parthenopi, *Siculo deflendus & alter*
Agricolæ: Erumpunt cineres, glomerataque Saxa
Projiciunt certam vicina per arva ruinam.
Seu movet Ionii de gurgite Numina Ponti,
Æmulus Andino plectro, profertque procellam,
Æolon *ad partes ducens, Neptunia Regna*
Sternit, & in ſuperos jaculatur, more Gigantum,
Undarum moles, iter atque affectat Olympo:
Dum tamen Arma Virumque canit petit otia Clio,
Iſidis *ad vada, vel docti prope flumina* Cami,
Horribilem ut reſonet pacata in littora Martem.

Fortius imò jubar penetrat præcordia Vatum,
Omnis & in toto ſe pectore miſcet Apollo.
Non ſolùm ANNA *decus* BRITONUM, *miteſcere gaudens,*
Lactea manſuetum attollit Vexilla per Orbem.
Tu quoquè, ne ſolito fremeret Bellona *furore,*
Nec jacto attonitas terreret fulgure gentes,
Magne jubes LODOIX, *reprimiſque tonitrua Belli.*
Ipſa licèt Pietas Reginæ *debita tantæ*
Urget opus noſtrum; non Muſa Britanna ſilebit
Te LODOIX, *longâ nec eris ſine Laude canendus.*
Muſa quidem dudùm audivit quo Nomine ſacræ
Surrexere Artes, & quem coluere Patronum;
Auſpice quo veneranda Academia militat omnis.
Quáque tuæ currunt Lymphæ, Lutetia, *Regem*
Carmine vel Vates celebrat, vel Imagine Pictor;
Doctis digna viris quô fauſta ſub Æthere Laurus
Plus viguit, quàm quà Regalia Lilia *rident.*
Ergo, age, Apollinei pars oh pulcherrima Pindi,
Hucce pedes rape, & omnigeni dulcedine cantûs
Pimpleidum reſonet nemus, & Parnaſſia rupes.
Tange Lyram Clio, *tu* Calliopæa *ſonoram*
Sume tubam: Quò non tanti Indulgentia Regis
Vos ſtimulat; nunc tollimini, nunc ſurgite in altum

Ut

Draws he *War's* ſtreaming Gore, the Crimſon'd Plains
Of Battle, or yet more tremendous Scenes,
The colder Blood of Maſſacres; yet ſtill
All's but the Pencil-Work of the ſoft Quill.
Or does his *Muſe* from *Man's* more barb'rous Rage
Viſit wild *Nature's* leſs inhuman Stage,
Whether from *Ætna's* or *Veſuvius* Forge
He paints the Flames thoſe hideous Gulphs diſgorge,
Whoſe each uncommon Blaſt o'er blazing Tow'rs
Or ſwallow'd Towns a flaming Deluge pours?
Or does the Briny Virge his Song contain,
Chants he the horrid Revels of the *Main*;
When to that Height *Neptune's* ſwell'd Billows riſe
Like the old *Titan* Race to ſcale the Skies;
Does he make Tempeſts rage, or Thunder roar,
His watry or his fiery Torrents pour;
Still his rough Song he tunes on his own Halcyon Shore.

Nay for yet warmer Zeal her Airs t' inſpire,
And light the *Muſe's* whole Poetick Fire,
Not *ALBION's ANNE* alone, her Banners furld,
Now hangs out the white Flag to calm the World.
No leſs to bid *Mars* his dread Terrours ceaſe,
Lo, *GALLIA's* awful MONARCH ſounds to PEACE.
When Wars Alarms all huſht, the ſmiling Nine
Their *ANNA* calls t' aſſiſt theſe Rites divine,
The Britiſh *Muſe* there Inborn Duty warms.
Nor brings Great *LEWIS* leſs attracting Charms.
Long hear'd the *Muſe* thro' th' ecchoing World proclaim'd
Of cheriſht Learning, Science, Arts, ſo fam'd
A Royal PATRONS Plans of Glory laid,
And all to Academick Merit paid.
WIT's planted Bays ne'er found ſo warm a *Soil*,
As nurſt beneath the *Soveraign* LILIES Smile.
The whole Apollinary Race thus graced,
And all the Fav'rite *Muſes* ſo embraced,
The *Nine* thus honour'd, their juſt Debt to pay,
And ſuch a bright *MECÆNAS* to diſplay,
To that Exalted Song can only mount,
Like their wing'd Courſer when he ſtruck their Fount.

The

Ut cum Pegaſius fontem percuſſerit unguis.
Gratum opus Agricoliſque cano, non impia Bella;
At neque ſylveſtrem meditabor arundine Muſam;
Altius attolli juvat, ad majora canendum.

Salve igitur D'AUMONTE, *venis gratiſſimus hoſpes,*
Phœbæam veluti præcurrens Lampada Sidus.
Auſpicia attuleris, celebrataque gaudia Mundi.
Salve iterum; per te quæ non pia Vota Preceſque
Propitios Divos, plaudentiaque Aſtra ſalutant.
Sic precor, oh faveant operi bona Numina tanto;
Fœdere ſic juncto Gallum Britonemque *ſecundent,*
Quod non Pellæo, non enſe ſecabitur ullo.
Dum TALBOTIADES *Heroum ſanguine natus*
Hinc Immortales currûque agit inde Triumphos
D'AUMONTUM *præluſtre Genus; Frontem aſpice utramque;*
Pluſquam Gemmatas exornat Oliva Corollas:
Sequana *dum capite erecto, ſtipatus & algâ*
Angliacus Thameſis *per concava littora voces*
Miſcebunt hilares, plenas urnaſque refundent:
Ad mare concurrent, conjuncto & murmure Patri
Oceano *referent,* Anglo *quot* Gallia *debet*
Anglia *quot* Gallo, *quid & hinc ſocialis utrique*
Orbis debebit. Thetis *hîc &* Doris *& omnis*
Nereidum *chorus optatam & celebrare perennem*
Geſtit Amicitiam; nec non Tritonia pubes
Cornibus ingeminat curvis, littuſque remugit;
Gaudia concentû placido teſtantur ad unum.
Inde per Æquorei ſparguntur flumina Mundi,
Undarum omne genus, portuſque ſinuſque reviſunt,
Diſcolor extremo quà cingitur India Gange,
Quà Mare Pacificum ſtrepit, à Soliſque Cubili
Heſperio naſcentis ad incunabula Lucis.

Sit licèt IRENE *Divûmque Hominumque Voluptas,*
Sæpè tamen brevia interruptaque Gaudia miſit,
Non benè ſubnexo Fundamine. Gloria rarò
Stare diu infirmis poterit ſuffulta columnis.
At nunc aſpicite ut ſublimis in aera Moles
Surgit olivifera divinâ PALLADIS *arte,*

Non

The *Muſes* then in Gratitude ſo bound
How ſpritely muſt their Nobleſt Airs reſound,
When this Immortal Song of PEACE goes round.

Hail then Great *D'AUMONT* and thy greater Cauſe!
(Oh th' upliſt Eyes which thy Commiſſion draws!)
Thou who ſuch radiant Bleſſings to forerun
Com'ſt like the *Phoſphor* to a riſing SUN.
So may this finiſht Work of Glory ſhine,
ALBION and *GALLIA* that bleſt Gordian twine,
No Sword ſhall ever cut, or Pow'r disjoyn.
Thus in their proud Triumphant Chariots, there
Our Noble *TALBOT*, Noble *D'AUMONT* here,
Shall drive their Rounds thro' each Harmonious Sphere;
Till both their *Sein*, and our cheer'd *Thames*, ſo pleas'd,
From their deep Oozy Beds their Heads uprais'd,
And rowling down from either ecchoing Shore,
On all the Streams their own Great Urnes can pour,
Both with one Voice the welcome Tale ſhall bear
To their dread Sovereign the pleas'd *Neptune's* Ear.
Here ſhall the God's attending Vaſſals round,
The *Nereids* and the *Tritons* catch the Sound;
And joining in a Conſort ſo divine,
Their Joys all tuned to their own Trumps Marine,
Shall make the Univerſal *Ocean Tour*;
And poſt to every Port, and every Shore,
To chant the Song that leads their watry Dance;
What *FRANCE* to *BRITAIN* owes, *BRITAIN* to *FRANCE*,
And from the General Bleſſings that ſhall flow,
What an endebted World to Both ſhall owe:
Rapt with theſe grateful Airs and Joys in view,
Shall both their Weſt and Eaſtern Race perſue;
To *ALBION*'s Fort St. *George*, and *SPAIN*'s *Peru*.

PEACE, tho' the Darling both of Earth and Heav'n,
Sometimes has but too ſhort-liv'd Bleſſings given;
When her Foundation and her Cement weak,
Her feebler Piles into new Ruptures break.
The *Baſis* here ſo firm, and fixt ſo faſt,
Sure through deſcending Time's whole Glaſs ſhall laſt.

Non niſi finitum quatienda Platonis *ad Orbem.*
Ipſe placens ſibi BORBONIDES *ditiſſima Mundi*
Bina videt conceſſa ſuæ Diademata Proli;
(Sic jubet ANNA*) unam ſed non cingentia Frontem.*
Quid vel avara magis, quidve ambitioſa Cupido
Exoptare velit. Voto hîc ſit terminus omni.
Ergò infeſtabit non littora noſtra Celæno
Dira, ſupervacui nec inanior umbra timoris.
Illuſtret radio Phœbus *licèt unus eodem*
Regnantûm frontes per ſæcula longa Nepotum:
Dextra eadem tamen Heſperiæ *non Sceptra tenebit*
Franciadumque Plagæ. *Citiùs contrarius* Auſter
Junxerit immanem Scythiam, *Arctoumque popellum.*
Ut dedignatur LUDOVICI *GLORIA, Regni*
Vel fore Lora ſui, vel Ibera, *minoribus unquam*
Hinc Dominis retinenda; ubi ſubdita dextera ſolùm
Sceptra gerit, Regum Umbra, minutaque Imago Deorum:
Utque coronatum Caput hinc non æſtuet unum
Gemmatæ infelix duplici ſub pondere Laurûs;
Somnia ut Europæ *tremebundæ inſana fugaret,*
En opifer LODOIX juratum *extruxit ad aras*
Diviſi Imperii Columen, *Fideique perennis.*
Ultra Apenninos Alpeſque, *heù fulcra puſilla,*
Gallia *ab* Heſperiis *nunc ſic ſejungitur oris,*
Tanquam interpoſitâ Mundorum mole remotis.

Auſpiciis tantis hoc dum ſurrexerit Orbis
Palladium, *quinam, dic* Muſa, *hîc Conditor, aut quis*
Amphion *Opifex ad tanta ſtruenda Salutis*
Mœnia! Ut hoc recinas, Oculi tollantur ad ANNAM.
Defenſor Fideique Europæque *en ſua Lora*
Progenie à rabidâ, cui nondum Sanguinis Auri
Effuſique ſitis reſtinguitur, ANNA *reſumpſit.*
Delphicaque hinc nova Conſilia ad Moderamina Sceptri
Hæc ſacra Cauſa vocat. Miſitque hæc Cauſa Britannum
ARONEM, *divi* STRAFFORDENSEM*que Laboris*
Participem, ſeris afferre Nepotibus Anglis,
Nec minùs Europæ, *Decus & Tutamen. Ut olim*
Hebræus Sinai *flagrantia culmina Montis*
Dux ille aſcendit; retulitque Oracula Mundo.

Tradita

Sees not pleas'd *LEWIS* t' his own *BOURBON* STEMS
The Chriſtian World's Two proudeſt *Diadems*,
Seal'd with that Stamp of Fate ſo all ſecure;
That ev'n Deſire it ſelf can wiſh no more.
Not the moſt towring Wing wou'd higher aſk to ſoar.
Nay ſo ſhall theſe Two *BOURBON* BRANCHES reign,
As not to give ev'n empty Fear a Pain.
What tho' one Sun on both Crown'd Heads ſhall ſhine;
No more both Royal Wreaths one Brow ſhall twine,
Then ſhall the North and Southern Polars joyn.
No, the Great *LEWIS* generous Diſdain
That either his own *FRANCE*, or *PHILIP*'s *Spain*,
Each Orb ſo Glorious, and a Truſt ſo Great,
Should poorly truckle down t' a Vice-Roy Seat;
Only on ſome Deputed Hand beſtow'd,
The fainter Subject Image of the God:
Or by One ſweating Brow to Empire born,
The Load of both joyn'd Crowns ſhould e'er be worn;
EUROPE's whole jealous Pangs reſolv'd to heal
Has fixt th' Eternal *Alienation Seal*;
Their ſep'rate Soveraign Foundations, far
Beyond what *Alps or Apennines* can bar,
Int'reſts and Boundaries remov'd ſo wide,
As not whole Diſtant Worlds cou'd more divide.

Such the Srong Tow'r does our fenc'd Peace encloſe,
Now chant the Architects by whom it roſe.
'Tis in this Cauſe the Soveraign *ANNA* calls
New Delphick Heads to her Orac'lous Walls,
Wiſely reſuming her miſguided Reins
From the late Drivers, keen for th' endleſs Dreins
Of bleeding Treaſure and exhauſted Veins.
This ſends her Active PRELATE forth to bring
Huſht *EUROPE* all beneath one peaceful Wing.
See in the ſame warm Zeal reſolv'd to ſhine
His *STRAFFORD* Mate the Mitred Champion joyn.
And as th' Immortal Mandates to attend
Iſraels fam'd Guide did *Sina*'s Mount aſcend;
So *ANNE*'s Learn'd *LEXINGTON*'s entruſted Care
Call'd up the Sacred Tablets to prepare,

Tied

Tradita ab ore Dei: Sic LEXINGTONIUS *undas*
Transit Atlantiacas, Juramenti *illius, ille,*
(Nec non Orbe, Deo teſtanti,) Teſtis, Iberis
Galliſque *æternùm ſancito hinc limite Sceptri,*
Sev levior te Muſa *vocat, ſive Ardua* Regni,
Æquo ornate PRIOR *Genio, tuaque adſtitit almæ*
Hujuſce ad partum Lucinia cura Minervæ.
Quæ Regio Patrum Patriæ non plena Laboris,
Terre ſui Mandata Jovis *non ocyor* Hermes
Devolat alatis pedibus, quàm Regia Penna
Illa BOLINBROCII, *vel* DARTMOTHENSIS *ab* ANNA
Angliacum Fiat, *Divinum hoc* Velle, *per Orbem.*
Non minus HARLÆI *Studium hos finire Labores,*
Illius ALBIONIS *longum ſudantis ad* Aras,
ALBIONISque Focos: *Tantiſque quid æquius* ANNA
Reddiderit *Meritis quàm Stellâ ornâſſe Corollam.*
Hæ dextræ ut Monumentum hoc exegere, Columnas
En pluſquam Herculeas. Ultrà nunc poſſe vel ipſi
Non datur Ambitui. Nunc Divide & impera *ab ore*
Cæleſti loquitur, tam divo hôc Cardine Regni.

Sic ASTRÆA *redux dum conſulit* ANNA *beandis*
Terriſque, & tanto gaudet Fundamine Pacis;
Fundanti ſua non ſat Gaudia: Regia ab alto
Gratiaque expandi (quantùm miranda!) benignè
Arcana Imperii plebœis juſſit ocellis.
Gratiaque hæc Britonum quæ non calefecit ovantûm
Pectora; quid non hæc poterat! Genua ecce Britanna
Regale ad Solium proſtrata! Hæc Gratia Diva
ANNÆ *ſeu datur ore, venit vel cælitus orbi;*
Redditaque en Cœlo videas fragrantia circùm
Sic holocauſta nitent, ut dent nova lumina Stellis.

Imò tibi, ter fauſta Britannia, *duplice* Jani
Lumine, dum retrò Bellique voracis hiatus,
Vulneraque aſpicias vel adhuc horrentia; prorsùm,
Ridentem Floram, *ludentem cum grege* Pana
Sylveſtri, multamque Roſam, *rutilantiaque Arva,*
IRENÆ *Divis Palatiaque alta Columnis;*
Gaudia ab hoc Viſu quæ non oritura beato?

Invidia

Tied by atteſting Earth and Heav'n ſo faſt,
Is ſent to hear th' Eternal SANCTION paſt.
Her PRIOR too, who, whether the ſoft Nine
Or Powr's high Helm his harder Taſk aſſign,
With equal Merit ſhines, we ſaw ſet forth,
An early Aid at this *Minerva's* Birth.
'Tis thus the Britiſh Guardians take their Round:
No narrow Circle ſhall their Labours bound.
For this, no poſting *Mercury* e'er rode
More wing'd with the Commiſſion of a GOD,
Then *BOLINGBROKE* and *DARTMOUTH* to diſperſe
The *ALBION Fiats* round th' obeying Univerſe.
Nay and the Glorious Labour to compleat
'Twas in this Work her Patriot *HARLEY* ſweat,
And ſuch the Service *Starr'd* his *Coronet.*

Such the great Work and ſuch the Founders Hands,
Lo, how the fixt Herculean Columu ſtands:
This laſting Barrier ſet twixt *France* and *Spain*,
Tis th' Heavenly Voice now bids Divide and Reign.

As ſuch the Pile of Glory ſhe has rais'd,
Ev'n whilſt the Plan ſhe drew, Great *ANNE* ſo pleas'd
Profuſely kind her Royal Cloſet threw
All open'd down to the whole Popular View;
Whilſt th' *ALBION* Tranſports that high Grace to meet,
All humbly proſtrate at the Royal Feet,
Thoſe loud Thankſgiving Offerings return'd,
Till all around one fragrant Incenſe burn'd.

Yes, well may *ALBION*'s Joy ſoar to that Height
Illumin'd by that happy *Janus* Light:
When from the Fields where Sanguine Torrents ran,
To ſmiling *Flora*, and the ſporting *Pan*,
She now looks forward; to all Roſey Bow'rs,
And ſweet *IRENE*'s bright upriſing Tow'rs;
So fair a Train of Bleſſings entertains
Her dazled Proſpect with all beauteous Scenes.

'Tis

Invidia *hîc ſolùm diſtans, eâ turbidâ proles,*
Et Capite obducto Stygiâ Caligine, frendet.
Cæcior heu! quænam Dementia, quàm ſibi ſpiſſas
Quæ dederit tenebras proprioſque obfuſcât ocellos.

Vilius èn pecus hoc, nuperè dominantius Agmen,
Pacem *omnem exoſum, pacem niſi, tarda luentem,*
Emptâque tam diro pretio, quæ viſeret Orbem.
Infandum renovate, huic proli hoc dicite, Muſæ;
ſi meminiſſe libet; Quanti almæ conſtitit ANNÆ
Hic Labor ALBIONI, CAROLI *Maternæ puſilli*
Longùm Cura! Valent quid Murmura! *Stremua* Virtus
Pugnavit pro Pace, *& Victrix contulit Orbi*
Pacem. *Imò* Heroum *Soboles, digniſſima Regni,*
Impavida hanc auſit tandem cohibere protervam
Progeniem. Quò non rapitur Veſania, cui nil
Sat, niſi venalis lugenda BRITANNIA *proſtet,*
Addenda Auſtriacis *ut ematur IBERIA* Sceptris!

Ergo Parens *PATRIÆque, EUROPÆque* Arbiter, *Orbi*
Utriq; & longum Tu dilectiſſima, Diva
ANNA, *recens hæc dum redimit tua tempora Laurus,*
Uraniam *nunc mitte tuam, ſacra Juſſa tuæque*
Huic des *Legatæ, ferat ut penneta per Orbem*
Nuntia, tam grato Cantu, ut lenire vel ipſam
Barbariem poſſit, Boreales reprimat Iras:
Donec & Auſtriaci *ſurdeſcere deſinat auris,*
Nec tam denſa oculos Jovis *Alitis obtegat Umbra.*
Ne tamen aerios auſit placidiſſima Nympha
Parnaſſi *de rupe ſuâ tentare volatus;*
Monte *ſed ex illo dederit cui Nomen* Oliva.
Non magè Relliquiis Hominum, Gentique futuræ
Grata fuit, poſtquam merſum peragraverat Orbem,
Pinea Caſtra Noachi *iterum viſura* Columba:
Tandem inſigne tulit redituræ Pacis amicum.
Riſit in ore virens ramus: Caput extulit undis
Terra *Parens, prolemque udis agnovit ocellis.*
Dum Proteus *ageret pecus ad nota Antra Marinum,*
Subſidit Furor Undarum: Terræſque beatæ
Numina, Diluvio non ſubmerſura ſecundo.

FINIS.

'Tis envious Malice only ſtands aloof,
That grinning *Dæmon* with her cloven hoof;
Whilſt o'er her Eyes the twiſted Cord ſhe binds.
No Darkneſs, like where Obſtinacy blinds.

Yes, that vile Race who bar an Ear or Thought
Againſt all *Peace*, but what's too dearly bought.
Oh, would thoſe reſtleſs Murmurers recount
To what vaſt Summ the coſtly Favours mount
On *ANNE*'s late overfondled *CHARLES* beſtow'd,
That weakly *Nurſling*, her Maternal Load.
Tell them for Peace She fought, and Peace has won,
Aſſum'd a Courage worthy of a Throne,
With this laſt Laurel deckt her Royal Brow,
Never ſo much the HEROINE as now;
In daring her late Prodigals reſtrain,
From ſelling *BRITAIN* to buy *AUSTRIA SPAIN.*

'Thus *BRITAIN*'s *Guardian*, *EUROPE*'s *Arbiter*,
A *Soveraign* HEAD to Man and Heav'n ſo dear,
Thou Darling of both Worlds, this Work ſo crown'd,
Send forth thy Wing'd Embaſſadreſs, ſend round,
Thy fair *URANIA*: Bid her ſoar along
To cheer Mankind with thy Pacifick Song,
A Song, *Barbarity* it ſelf ſhall huſh,
Make ev'n the Savage *Northern* Fury bluſh.
Nay poſſibly teach *AUSTRIA* to be wiſe,
And give her new-enlighten'd *Eagle* Eyes.
Yes, ſend this darling Envoy, ſo inſpir'd,
Her Airs, and Wing, both in this Cauſe untir'd;
Not from her own *Parnaſſus* Mount, but ſet
Forth from a more auſpicious *Olivet*:
Not the Original Dove ſent from the *Ark*,
Man's Remnant Race pent in that narrow Bark,
More welcome, when return'd from wand'ring o'er
The then drown'd World, the verdant Branch ſhe bore,
To ſhew the Earth uprais'd her Head once more:
The ebbing Flood's avenging Waters fled
All ſhrinking back to their own Ocean Bed.

FINIS.

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